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NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.

Whereas it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of national preservation, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizens, and we believe the republican form of our Government to be an object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, a dir for that reason, if for none other in order to preserve our institutions pure and unpoluted we are imperatively called upon to administer our peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stranger indiscriminately to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native born American citizen, we weaken the attachment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid allegiance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution of the Revolution, and exercised by him as the glorious prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, a cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Basing, then, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the promotion of our native country in all the walks of private honor, public credit, and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right, in its most extended form, of the native born American, and he only, to exercise the various duties incident to the ramifications of the laws, executive, legislative, or ministerial, from the highest to the lowest post of the Government; and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization laws by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids, and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish, *ex post facto* laws: the action we seek with regard to laws of naturalization, is intended to act in a prospective character. We shall advocate equal liberty to all who were born equally free; to be so born, constitutes, when connected with moral qualities, in our minds, the aristocracy of human nature. Acting under these generic principles, we further hold that, to be a permanent people we must be a united one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political organ; and to be national, we must cherish the Native American sentiment, to the entire and radical exclusion of foreign opinions and doctrines introduced by foreign paupers and European political adventurers. From Kings our gallant forefathers won their liberties—the slaves of Kings shall not win them back again.

Religiously entertaining these sentiments, we so solemnly believe that the day has arrived, when the American should unite as brothers to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached that critical period foreseen and prophesied by some of the clear-sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens from every ship that floats on the ocean to our shores—when every wind that blows wafts the ragged paupers to our cities, bearing in their own persons and characters the elements of degradation and disorder. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight over this great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt of glory, will be the duty of the sons of these wars, and we must go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from contagion; and her character as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despotisms.

ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

First. We bind ourselves to co-operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States to procure a repeal of the naturalization laws.

Second. We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Government.

Third. That we will not hold him guiltless of his country's wrong, who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept.

Fourth. That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country, nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand to, and be a separate and independent party of native Americans, for the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preamble and these articles.

Fifth. That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or be connected, with any religious sect or denomination, leaving every creed to its own strength, and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

Sixth. That this Association shall be connected with and form a part of such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of our political creed.

Seventh. That this Association shall be styled the "Native American Association of the United States."

Eighth. That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required under any by-laws hereafter adopted and whose duties shall be therein defined.

Ninth. That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

Tenth. That the President, or, in his absence the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding or Recording Secretary, is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

NOTICE.—Native American Cause, and The Native American Newspaper.—The Native American Association in this City, has been in existence nearly three years, and enrolls among its members upwards of eleven hundred out of fourteen hundred of the Native citizens of the place.

Its objects are—
1. To repeal the Laws of Naturalization; and
2. The establishment of a National Character, and the perpetuity of our Institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

A paper, called "The Native American," was commenced a few days after the organization of our Society, already near 1,000 subscribers. In many places, trines have found ardent and able friends—but to sustain our patriotic ends, so that we may rely upon the blessings of peace, and in the perilous times, it will be necessary for all to take a part, and promptly the birthrights of our own People from the intemperate pretensions of the paupers and outcasts of the world.

Before invite our Countrymen throughout the Union, to form Auxiliary Associations, and to memorialize a Repeal of the Laws of Naturalization.

Our paper is published weekly, at the price of two cents per annum, payable in advance. No party in Politics or Religion, but embrace all parties throughout the country are invited to give notice a few insertions, and persons subscribers, correspondents, or contributors, are requested to address JAMES C. DUNN, President and Council.

By order of the President and Council, T. D. JONES, Secretary of the N. A. Association of the U. S., Feb. 12, 1840.

POETRY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE DRUNKARD'S HISTORY OF HIMSELF.

I had a father—the grave was his bed;
I had a mother—she sleeps with the dead;
Freely I wept when they left me alone—
But I shed all my tears on their grave and their stone—
I planted a willow—I planted a yew,
And left them to sleep till the last trumpet blew!

Fortune was mine, and I mounted her car—
Pleasure from virtue had beckoned me far,
Onward I went like an avale che down,
And the sunshine of fortune was changed to a frown.

Fortune was gone and I took to my side
A young and lovely, and beautiful bride!
Her I treated with coldness and scorn,
Tarrying back till the break of the morn—
Slighting her kindness and mocking her fears;
Casting a blight on her tenderest years.
Sad and neglected and weary I left her—
Sorrow and care of her reason bereft her—
Till like a star, when it falls from its pride,
She sunk on the bosom of misery, and died!

I had a child, and it grew like a vine—
Fair as the rose of Damascus was mine;
Fair—and I watched o'er her innocent youth,
As an angel from heaven would watch o'er truth.
She grew like her mother in feature and form—
Her blue eye was languid, her cheek too was warm—

Seventeen summers had shown on her brow—
The seventeen winter beheld her laid low!
Yonder they sleep in their graves side by side,
A father—a mother—a daughter—a bride!

When they had left me I stood here alone—
None of my race or my kindred was known;
Friends all forsaken, and hope all departed—
Sad and despairing, and desolate-hearted,
Feeling no kindness for aught that was human—
Hate by man and detested by woman—
Bankrupt in fortune and ruined in name—
Onward I kept on the pathway of fame!
And till this hour, when my father went down,
My brow has but known a continual frown.

Go to your children, and tell them this tale,
Tell them his cheek, too, was vividly pale:
Tell them his eye was all bloodshot and cold—
Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold—
Tell them he passed through the world they are in,
The victim of sorrow, and misery and sin—
Tell them when life's shameful conflicts were past,
In horror and anguish he perished at last.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?—We do not know an Ode which has had more extensive circulation than the following by Sir William Jones. It breathes the true fire of patriotism and freedom, and is distinguished by its strength and beauty. It does not express a sentiment that does not find a response in every free heart.

AN ODE.

What constitutes a State?
Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate—
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned—
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low bowed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
Where men, high minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain—
These constitute a State;
And sovereign law, the State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend dissension like a vapour sinks;
And e'en th' all dazzling crown
Hides her faint rays, and at her bidding sinks.
Such was this heaven loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore,
No more shall freedom smile,
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Spend a hundred years in earth's best pleasures
—and after that a hundred more—to which being spent, add a thousand years, and to that ten thousand more—the last shall surely end, as the first are ended, and all shall be swallowed up with eternity—he that is born to day, is not sure to live a day—he that has lived the longest, is but as he that was born yesterday—the happiness of one is, that he hath lived—the happiness of the other is, that he may live—and the lot of both is, that they must die; it is no happiness to live long, nor unhappiness to die soon—happy is he that hath lived long enough, to die well.

Perfectionism.—We learn from the Cleveland Observer, that the wildest and most awful forms of this delusion are found in several places on the Western Reserve.—The Ravenna Star thus speaks of this monstrous evil:

Of all the absurd, profane, and loathsome doctrines of the present day, that of modern Perfectionism, in its results at least, must bare away the palm. It sets itself above all the obligations of law and order, abrogates the conjugal tie, and laughs to scorn all the decencies and proprieties of domestic life.—Notwithstanding its blasphemous absurdities, it has got foothold in this country, and in several places on the reserve.

Mead, the apostle and high priest of Perfectionism, who has been operating in this region, was a short time since committed to jail in this county, on the charge of adultery, but was bailed out in a few days by one of his proselytes. We understand that he is now confined in Geauga county jail on a similar charge. After having turned their heads with his hypocritical cant, he seduces his victims, under pretence of "spiritual marriage."

The most horrible state of things is thus introduced into the domestic scenes of many families, whose peace and happiness, when they again come to their sober senses, will be gone forever. The career of this incarnate devil ought in some way to be brought to a close. If there is any power in the laws, we hope it will be applied to its full extent.

An idle fellow the other day complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said that he was born on the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behind hand. He believed it could have been a hundred dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all.

Fear.—The most distressing and irrational effects on the powers of man, but more particularly of woman, are sometimes produced by fear—it predisposes the body to contagious disorders, induces cowardice where nothing should be dreaded, and under circumstances of great excitement closes up the understanding, leaving the individual who becomes a prey to it an idiot for the remainder of a miserable existence. It is no less extraordinary than true, that fear arising from evident danger is less subduing than when produced by the powers of imagination. There are numerous occupations, surrounded by terrors, which lose their effect upon the mind by the frequency of recurrence. The pursuits of the seaman, the miner and others, for instance, prove, that on hearts accustomed to look danger in the face, fear exercises no overwhelming powers, because the senses being first to discover the danger, its effect is proportionate to the experience or intimacy with the cause. Ignorance is a cause of astonishment, and darkness heightens the effect of fear, only because the senses cannot act in conjunction with the understanding. If light be cast on the scene, the alarming objects, if there be any, are seen, and resistance is calculated accordingly. That there are gradations of personal courage, is as true as that there are various degrees of strength in man—but timid persons, however they may have become so, have objects of terror ever ready to destroy their powers of discernment. If an individual be selected, possessed of health, moral courage and experience, in all cases of alarm his physical powers assist his mental energies and he is not easily subdued; at least, there certainly will be no evident prostration of his understanding. The cause of yielding to imaginary terrors, perhaps, may be traced through a morbid state of the nervous system, and an ignorance of the law of nature, up to tales of supernatural appearances recited in the nursery, the effect of which is a mental slavery, from which there is no relief, but in the examination of cause and effect in nature, as leading to knowledge of nature's God, where there will be found so much to fill the mind with satisfaction and thankfulness, that there will be no room for imaginary terrors, nothing to dread, save doing wrong. Conscious in its integrity, the mind is always unconquerable.—*New York Sun.*

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—The Farmers.—Two farmers, who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other on their misfortune. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbor! I have done nothing but fret ever since. But, dear me! you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up just now: what are these?" "These," said the other—"why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What, coming up already?" cried the first. "Yes, while you were fretting I was working." "What! and don't you fret when you have a loss?" "Yes, but I always put it off until I have repaired the mischief." "Why then you've no need to fret at all." "True," replied the industrious gardener, "and that's the very reason; in truth, it is very pleasant to have no longer reason to think of misfortune; and it is astonishing how many might be repaired by a little alacrity and energy."

Temperance vs. Rum.—It is stated in the Lewisburg (Pa.) Advocate, that some workmen in a field of Mr. Brown, of that vicinity, lately afforded a very satisfactory demonstration of the comparative merits, amongst those engaged in hard labor, of the "abstinence" and "ardent spirits" systems. The Advocate says one day last week, Mr. Brown hired four men to mow a field of grass. Three of them took several "good" drinks in the course of the forenoon and the fourth did not taste a drop, whereupon, a question arose about the utility of a "dram," which after having argued to no purpose for some time, they agreed to decide by a contest of speed, and to work they went. The result was, that the individual who drank nothing "mowed round" his stimulated opponents in the course of one "through across the field," as mowers say.—*Balt. Pat.*

Eloquence.—A Mississippi paper gives the following pathetic commencement of a speech of one of their lawyers some years since, on the trial of a negro for the murder of another named Daniel, whom he buried on the hillside in such haste as to leave one of his feet uncovered, which led to the detection of the crime:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: Daniel is no more! no more shall Daniel pluck the snowy cotton ball, or plough the straight furrow! No more shall he enliven the negro quarter on Saturday nights with the recital of con hunts, or sing 'jaw bone' at the corn shucking! No, gentlemen, he lies buried on the hill-side, with but one foot out and one foot pointing to the arched vault of heaven!"

"Well, my boy," said a parson who frequently had occasion to pass a spot where a boy kept his father's sheep "this is a pleasant employment of yours; and I have sometimes thought that shepherds acquired a portion of the innocence attributed to these animals, as their employment is to watch sheep."

The lad slowly pointed with his finger towards a neighboring thicket where a couple of blazing eyes were conspicuous; "You wolf, then," said the lad, "must be a very innocent fellow, for I have seen him thus watching these sheep for hours together."

"O dear!" blubbered an urchin who had just been suffering from an application of the birch. "O my! they tell me about 40 rods making a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let 'em get such a plaguy lick as I've had, and they'll find out that one rod makes an acher."

At a late celebration of the old bachelors at Bloomington, Indiana, the following villainous toast was drunk:

"The Fair!—Saints in the churches—angels in the ball room—and devils in the kitchen."

A fellow in New York who had stole a keg of lard was arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary all within an hour. How much better he went through for greasing!

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

TO A GIRL IN HER TEARS.

BY MISS VANDENHOFF.

MAIDEN, weep not! why dost thou
Wear this sadness on thy brow?
Why should care's dark rays wing
Hover o'er so bright a thing?

Why should thy fair bosom rise,
Giving birth to heart-rent sighs?
Why are thy soft curls unbound,
Hanging like a vale around?

Love hast crept within thy breast,
Stealing all th' soul's sweet rest;
Love!—'tis but an idle thought,
More with grief than gladness fraught.

Let not sigh reveal thy heart,
Giving birth to heart-rent sighs;
Love!—'tis but an idle thought,
More with grief than gladness fraught.

Let not sigh reveal thy heart,
Giving birth to heart-rent sighs;
Love!—'tis but an idle thought,
More with grief than gladness fraught.

MOTHERS, BE CHEERFUL.—Yet not in studies above their years, or in irksome tasks, should children be employed. The joyous freshness of their young natures should be preserved while they learn the duties that fit them for this life and the next. Wipe away their tears. Remember how hurtful are the heavy rains to the tender blossom just opening on the day. Cherish their smiles. Let them learn to draw happiness from all surrounding objects—since there may be some mixture of happiness in every thing but sin. It was once said of a beautiful woman, that from her childhood she had ever spoke smiling, as if the heart poured joy from the lips, and they turned it into beauty.

May I be forgiven for so repeatedly pressing on mothers to wear the lineaments of cheerfulness? "To be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue," said a correct moralist. How much is to be deplored, when piety, the only fountain of true happiness, fails of making that joy visible to every eye! If happiness is a melody of soul, the concord of our feelings with the circumstances of our lot, the harmony of the whole being with the will of our Creator, how desirable that this melody should produce the response of sweet tones and a smiling countenance, that even slight observers may be won by the charm of its external symbols?—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

ADVICE TO LADIES.—ART OF BEING HAPPY.—The happiness of females—consequently, by a regular gradation, the happiness of the world—depends much upon women. Women ought, therefore, to consider this life as a short passage to another, which is both permanent, happy and glorious.

Let your husband be the partner of your joys, and be sharer of your troubles. Consult him, and confide in him. Upon all occasions do him honor. Treat him with kindness and tenderness. By softened dignity, united with delicacy, endeavor to keep alive in his breast a pure, a fervent affection; and use the power which this conduct will give you over his heart, to draw him to the sense and practice of that duty, which will not only render indissoluble, but will likewise perpetuate your union through ages of increasing bliss.

To your children, to your friends, to your servants, to your neighbors, to the world, be affectionate—be faithful—be kind—be useful—be exemplary. Then shall you please Him whose pleasure is life—then shall you be happy, here and forever.

WASHINGTON LOVED HIS MOTHER.

Let those who can treat a mother with disrespect, read and stand rebuked by the following extract! What passage in his life presents the father of our country in a position more worthy of reverence.

Immediately after the organization of the present government, General Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure to New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a tottering disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her:

"The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and"

Here the matron interrupted him. "You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

The President was deeply affected. His head rested on the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly encircled his neck. That brow on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman Senate, in its Fabian day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to his paternal mansion, and the days of his youth—and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction, and discipline, had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her from whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more!

The matron's predictions were true. The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of eighty-five, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

Several large failures have recently occurred at New Orleans, amounting it is said, to about one million of dollars.

ALLEGORY.

They grew in beauty, side by side, those two lovely flowers; I fancy I see them even now, as in those happy days, when together they waved in the summer breezes, or drank alike in the dews of heaven: the same refreshing showers invigorated each, and they loved each other—those gentle flowers, beautiful as wanderers from Eden. Tell me not, ye frigid mortals, that flowers cannot love—I turn from you to those summer-hearted beings, who will tell me of the oak and the ivy, of the joy the humble flowers feel, to be permitted to wave under the sheltering boughs of some majestic tree, and how constantly the sunflower turns to the object which has over it so strange and mysterious an influence. And these flowers loved; one was tender and delicate, the other strong and vigorous, and it humbled with fear whenever the rough winds blew upon its companion.—But alas! a withering hand was laid upon the stronger,—it soon lay upon the earth a blighted thing, and the delicate flower was left to mourn alone, with none to care for or protect it; it felt that this world is a wilderness, when all that makes life pleasant is taken from us.

But a laughing, dancing rivulet turned from its wonted course and run past the lonely flower—it raised its drooping head, and it smiled in beauty as the morning sun shone upon it, and, mortal-like, felt grateful that there was something yet to love. The rivulet was gay and happy, and the flower wished that its companion, who was lost forever, was there to admire it too,—to be refreshed by its waters—to be soothed to rest at night by its murmurs, and awakened at morning by its merry tone. But oh! the vanity of earthly things! the rivulet was fickle, and it soon went rippling off in another direction, and no longer gladdened the heart of the lonely flower. Again it drooped, and never flourished again;—ere the summer winds were gone, they sighed a requiem over the spot where had bloomed and perished so lovely but ill fated flower.

It is comparatively easy to submit to the chastening hand of our Heavenly Father when He removes our friends by death, for there is a melancholy pleasure in reflecting that their hearts throbbled with affection for us, until the last link was severed which bound the sorrowing spirit to earth; but there is no pang more bitter than that of feeling those we love, though living, are dead to us.—*Saturday Courier.*

Quarrels.—One of the most easy, the most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world, is—to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman or child, or upon what pretence, provocation or occasion whatsoever.—There is no kind of necessity for it, no manner of use in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it, and yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, and politicians, lawyers doctors and princes quarrel, the Church quarrels, and the State quarrels, nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts quarrel about all manner of occasions. If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before one; it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other.—The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him, if he is abusive cut his company, if he slanders you take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally just to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

Beautiful Extract.—The following beautiful extract is from Gallagher's *Hesperian*, a monthly publication, issued in Cincinnati, Ohio:

"Young womanhood! 'the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,' a thought matured, but not uttered—a conception warm and glowing, not yet embodied—the rich halo which precedes the morning sun—the rosy dawn that bespeaks the ripening peach—a flower,

'A flower which is not quite a flower,
Yet is no more a bud.'

Simplicity of a Child.—A little girl, seeing the doctor take her brother from a warm bath and apply a warm flannel to his feet, was at a loss to understand the last operation. Her first artless question was—"Well, doctor, you've washed him, now 'spose you are going to iron him?"

The young ladies of Boston have formed a society called the "Anti-receiving-the-addresses-of-young-men-who-dont-take-a-newspaper-and-pay-for-it-Society."

A happy expression.—The following is a copy of a resolution offered in the Legislature of a Western State:

"Resolved, That this General Assembly will adjourn sine die when they get ready and not before—anything in *Bill Turner's* resolution to the contrary notwithstanding.

A man by the name of Dalton was recently sentenced in Northampton county, Pa., to one dollar fine and a month's imprisonment for flagellating his wife.

The Boston Post states that within a few months past, nearly one hundred persons have died of small-pox in that city, and that about 1000 have had the disease.

The company whose steamboats navigate the Sound have resolved that they shall not hereafter be freighted with cotton. This is a judicious and humane determination, and it is a pity they had not adopted the measure before the awful calamity of the Lexington.

The Cherokee nation, in general council convened, have chosen John Ross, now in Washington, to be their principal chief.

Small Notes.—A resolution passed the Maryland House of Assembly on the 27th of January, by a vote of 27 to 10, declaring the in-expediency of permitting the issue of small bills by the Banks.